

No.

239

Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES

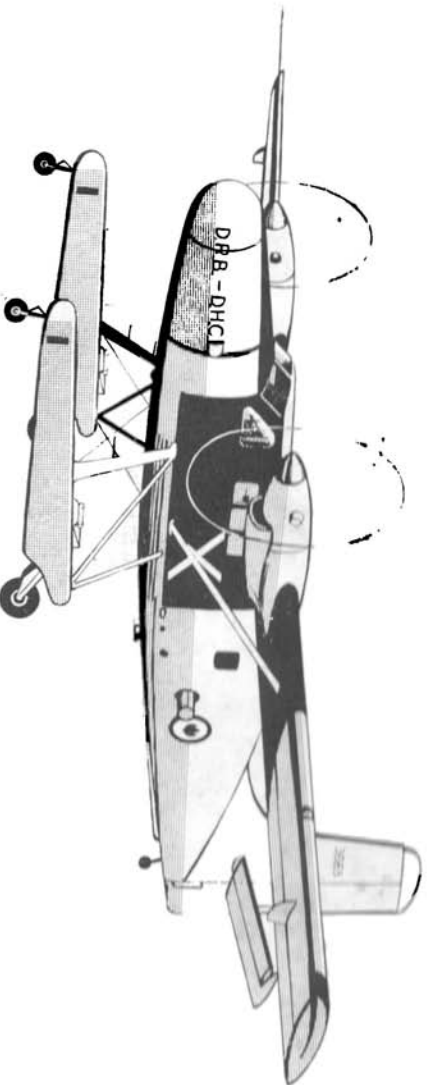
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**SAILOR
WITH
WINGS**

FLYING FREAKS

DHC STOL OTTER



ALREADY successful as a ski-plane and a seaplane, the Canadian de Havilland Otter was the plane chosen by the Canadian Defence Research Board to help them in their experiments with "STOL" techniques—(Short Take-Off and Landing).

The strange, clumsy-looking

landing gear which gives the Otter its weird appearance was fitted instead of a tricycle undercarriage. As well as being cheaper, it's better suited to stand up to the knocks of early experiments and try-outs.

Extra large flaps were designed for the wings. When set at sixty

degrees, they keep the Otter airborne at speeds as low as 35 m.p.h. They also reduce the length of runway needed to less than 200 feet.

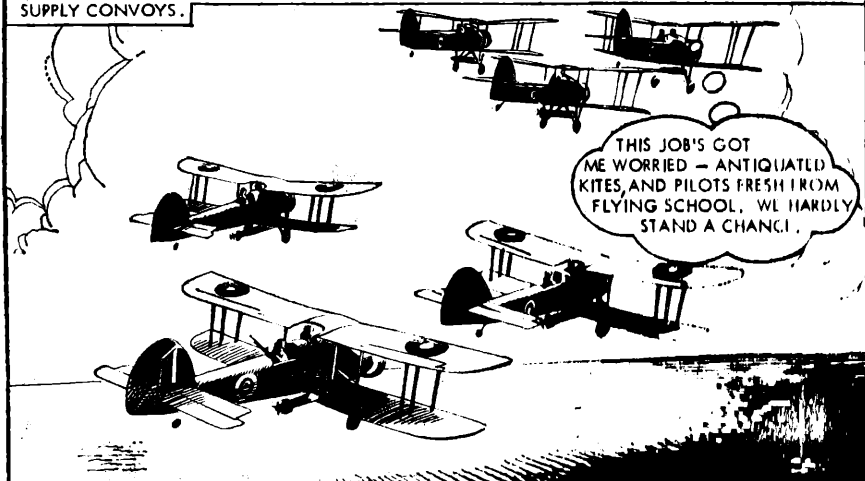
Many new improvements in STOL techniques have been discovered during experiments with this plane.

SAILOR with WINGS



AS THE PILOTS OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE BATTLED WITH THE LUFTWAFFE ABOVE BRITAIN, A NEW BREED OF EQUALLY TOUGH, RESOURCEFUL PILOTS TOOK TO THE AIR. THESE WERE THE MEN OF THE FLEET AIR ARM — SAILORS WITH WINGS.

FIERY TEMPERED LIEUTENANT COMMANDER JIM TREGARRON WAS ONE SUCH PILOT. RECENTLY PROMOTED TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE SQUADRON, HE WAS LEADING HIS MEN ON A STRIKE INTO THE ADRIATIC IN AN ATTEMPT TO CRIPPLE THE ITALIAN FLEET WHICH WAS MENACING VITAL SUPPLY CONVOYS.



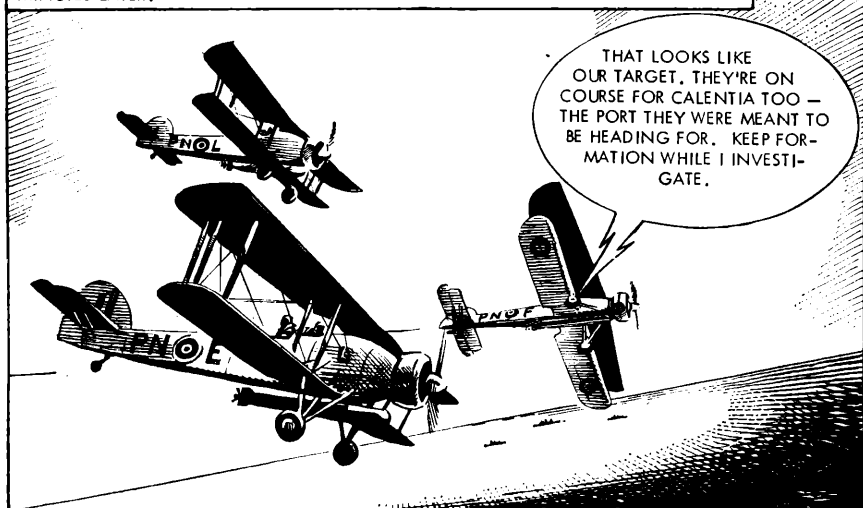
JIM, SON OF A CORNISH FISHERMAN, HAD PULLED HIS WAY UP THROUGH THE RANKS BY SHEER GUTS AND ABILITY.



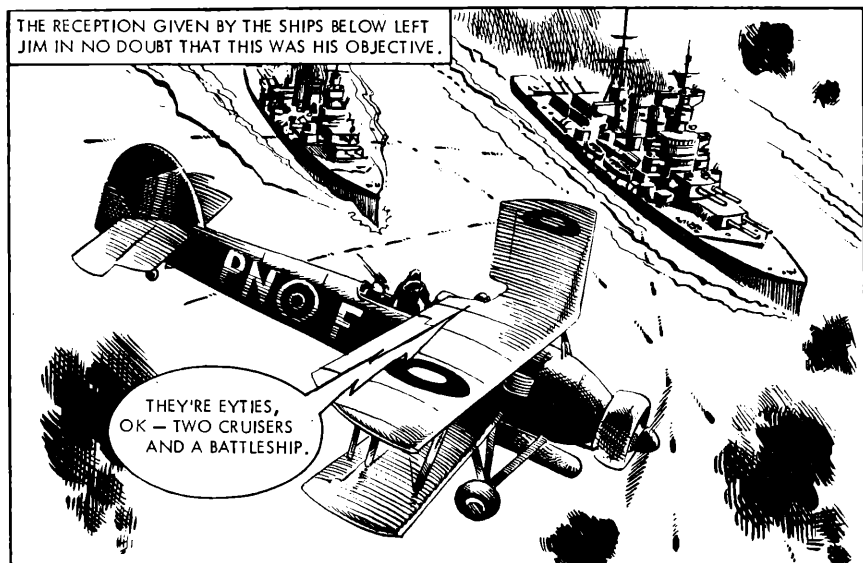
DICK CARSON, JIM'S NAVIGATOR, HAD JUST FAILED HIS PILOT'S COURSE AND WAS STILL FEELING BITTER.



IT WAS THE KEEN EYES OF JIM HIMSELF WHICH FIRST SPOTTED THE SHIPS BELOW A FEW MINUTES LATER.



THE RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE SHIPS BELOW LEFT JIM IN NO DOUBT THAT THIS WAS HIS OBJECTIVE.



PULLING CLEAR OF THE FLAK, JIM BARKED AN ORDER.

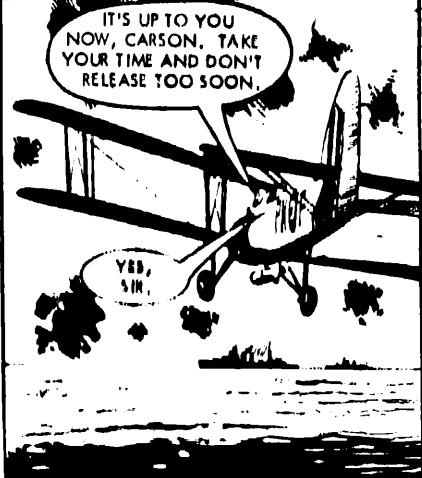
IT'S THEM ALL RIGHT. "A" FLIGHT TAKE THE CRUISERS, "B" FLIGHT FOLLOW ME IN ON THE BATTLESHIP.



EXPERTLY JIM LEVELLED HIS SWORDFISH OUT AND RAN TOWARDS THE BATTLESHIP, REGARDLESS OF THE FLAK.

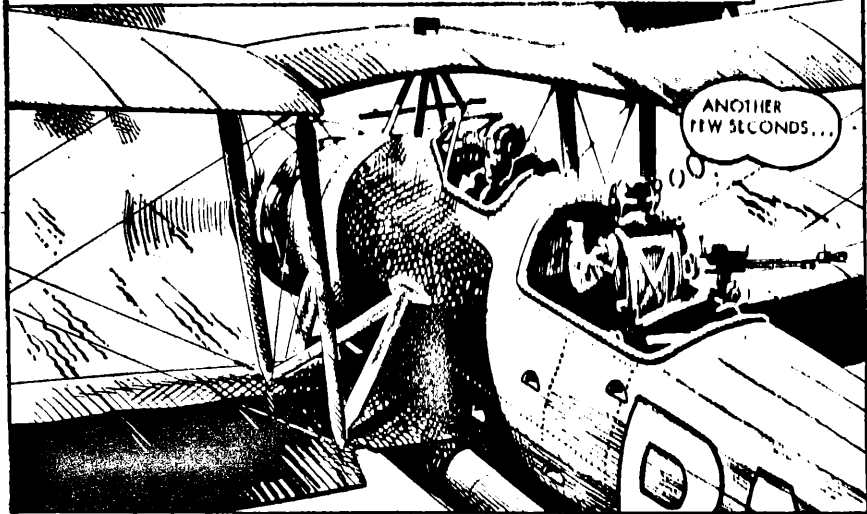
IT'S UP TO YOU NOW, CARSON. TAKE YOUR TIME AND DON'T RELEASE TOO SOON.

YEB, SIR.



DICK CARSON FELT AS NERVOUS AS A KITTEN. IT WAS HIS FIRST SORTIE OF THE WAR.

ANOTHER FEW SECONDS...



THEN A NEAR-MISS JERKED THE PLANE, JOGGING
THE RELEASE-BUTTON IN DICK'S HAND —

BLUE BLAZES —
THE FISH HAS GONE
TOO SOON!

WHAT?

JIM SAW THE TORPEDO GO WIDE AS HE
BANKED SHARPLY AWAY FROM THE DEADLY
CURTAIN OF FLAK.

YOU FLAMING
IDIOT— IT'S A MILE
OFF TARGET.

SORRY, SIR...
RELEASE-BUTTON
SLIPPED.

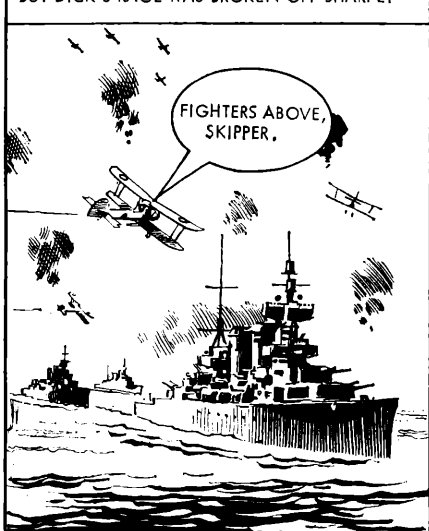
DICK LISTENED IN BLACK DEPRESSION TO JIM'S ANGRY TIRADE.



YOU BUNGLED IT.
YOU COULDN'T HIT BEACHEY
HEAD AT THIRTY YARDS...

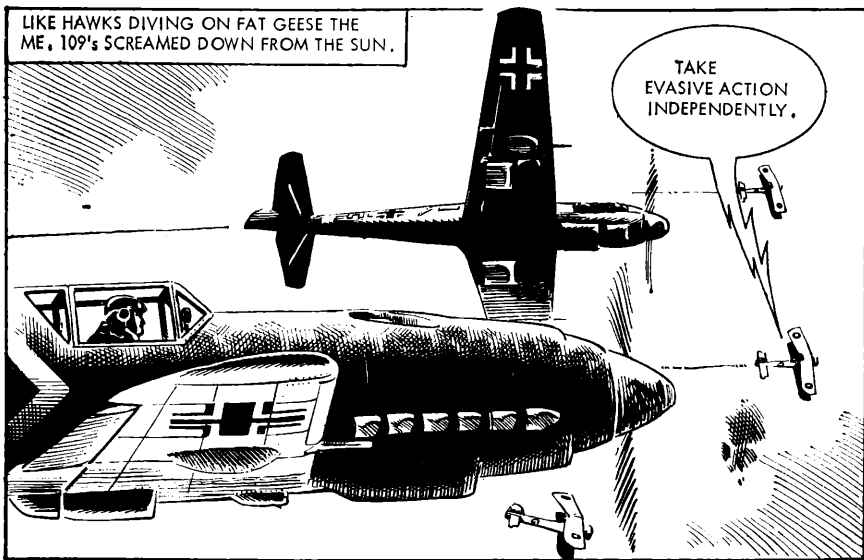
I'VE HAD IT
AS AN OBSERVER
NOW.

BUT DICK'S RAGE WAS BROKEN OFF SHARPLY —



FIGHTERS ABOVE,
SKIPPER.

LIKE HAWKS DIVING ON FAT GEESE THE
ME, 109's SCREAMED DOWN FROM THE SUN.



TAKE
EVASIVE ACTION
INDEPENDENTLY.

JIM PULLED HIS SLOW PLANE INTO A STEEP CLIMB WHILE DICK DISCOURAGED ANY PURSUIT WITH HIS LEWIS GUN.

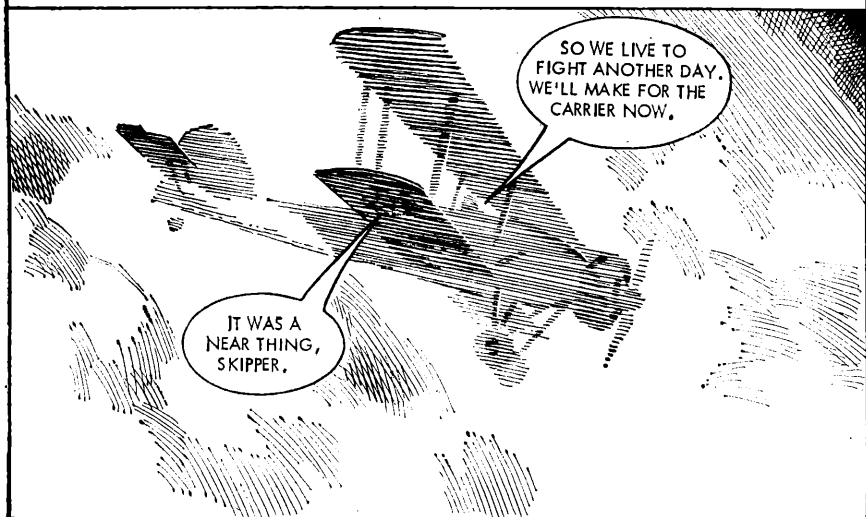
ALL AIRCRAFT
JETTISON YOUR FISH
AND GET BACK TO THE
CARRIER, MAKE FOR
THE CLOUDS.

JUST LIKE CLAY
PIPES IN A SHOOTING-
GALLERY IN THIS OLD
TUB,

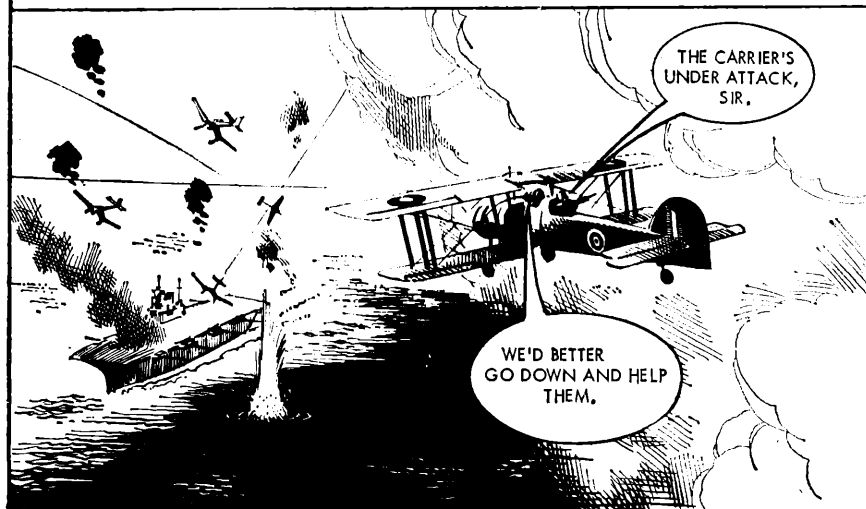
DICK HEARD THE THUDDING WHINE OF THE FIGHTER'S BULLETS AND PRAYED AS JIM
TOUGHT TO PILOT THE SWORDFISH CLEAR.

HE'S STILL ON
OUR TAIL. THE QUICKER
WE GET INTO THE CLOUDS
THE BETTER.

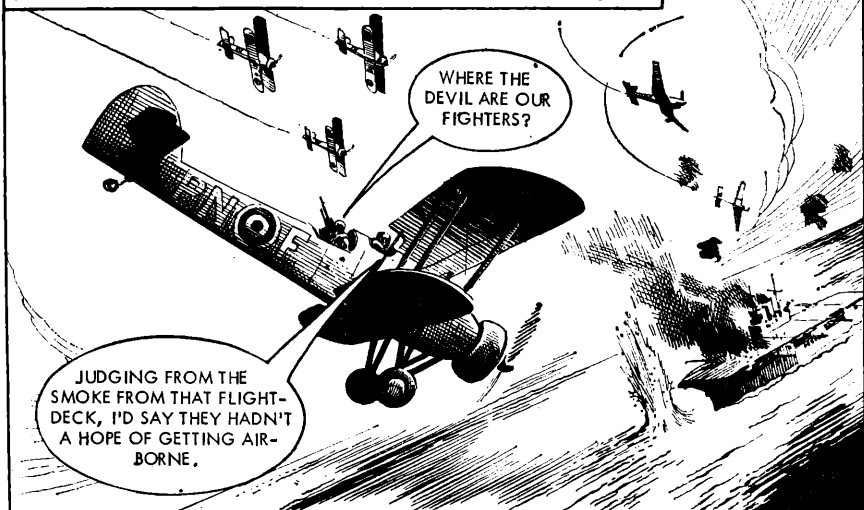
SUDDENLY THEY WERE LOST IN A SWIRLING MIST, SAFE FROM THE GERMANS' CHATTERING GUNS.



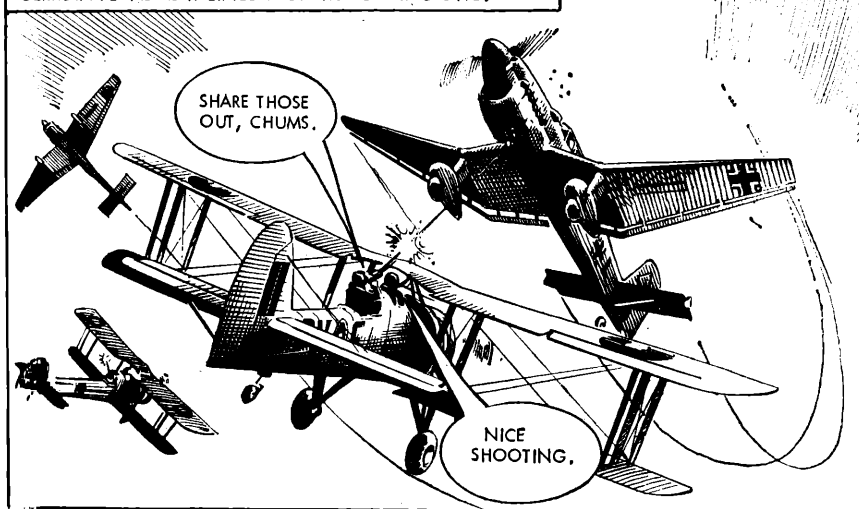
BUT AS THEY BROKE THROUGH THE CLOUDS ABOVE THE CARRIER, ANOTHER SHOCK AWAITED THEM.



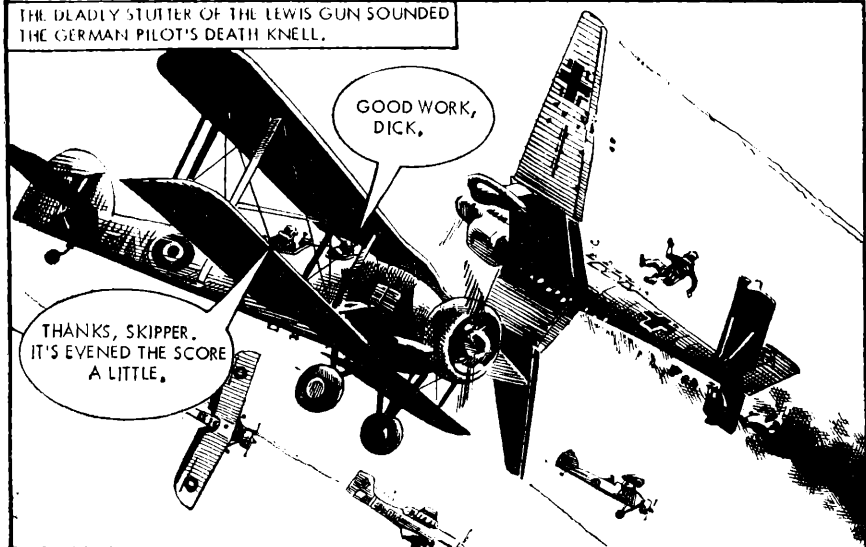
IN COLD ANGER JIM PUT HIS PLANE IN A DIVE AFTER ONE OF THE STUKAS, JUST AS THE REMAINING THREE SWORDFISH OF HIS FLIGHT APPEARED.



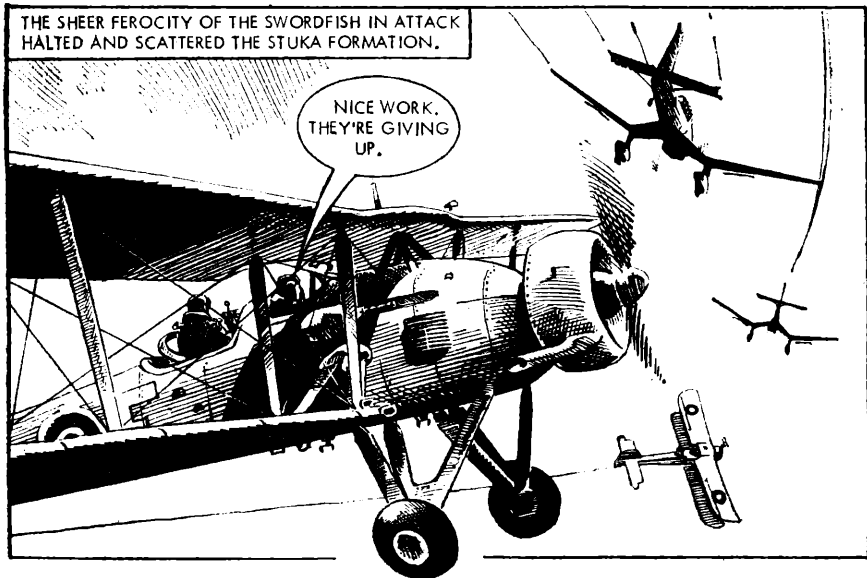
THE CLUMSY SWORDFISH SWOOPED UNDER THE EVIL-LOOKING GERMAN PLANE AS IT LIFTED FROM ITS BOMBING-DIVE.



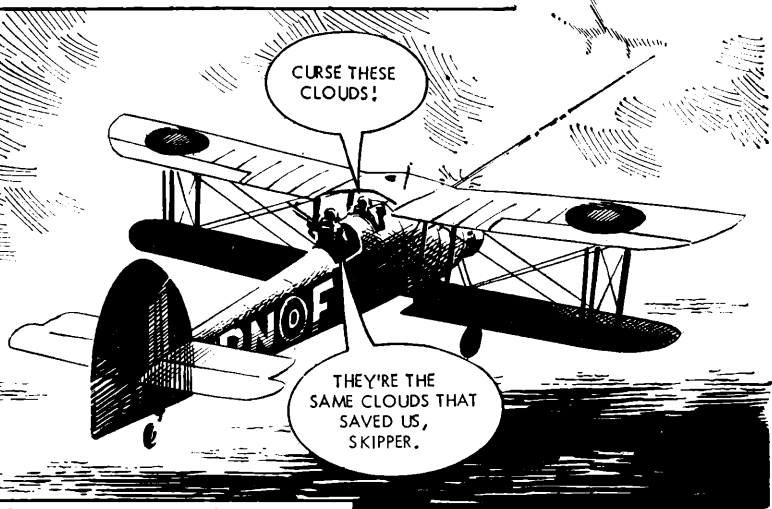
THE DEADLY STUTTER OF THE LEWIS GUN SOUNDED THE GERMAN PILOT'S DEATH KNELL.



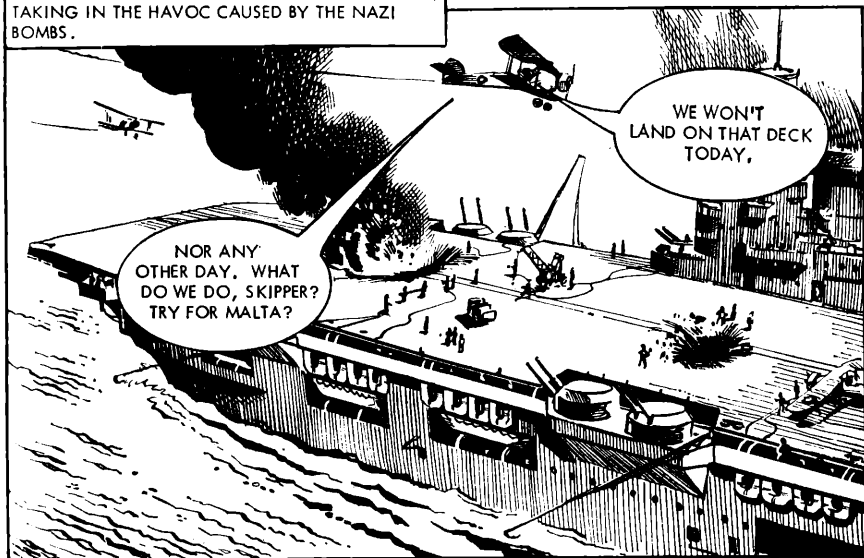
THE SHEER FEROCITY OF THE SWORDFISH IN ATTACK HALTED AND SCATTERED THE STUKA FORMATION.



BADLY MAULED AND SHAKEN, THE STUKAS WITHDREW, HEADING FOR CLOUD COVER.

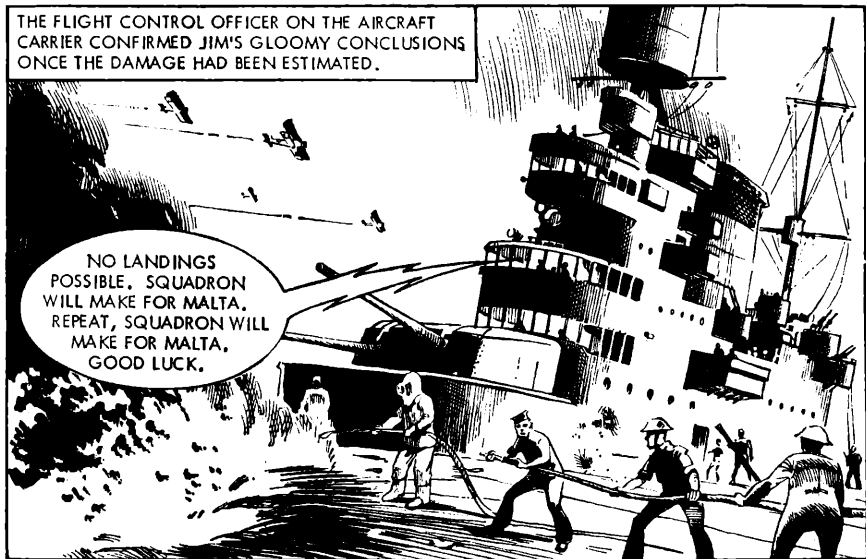


JIM FLEW OVER THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE CARRIER, TAKING IN THE HAVOC CAUSED BY THE NAZI BOMBS.



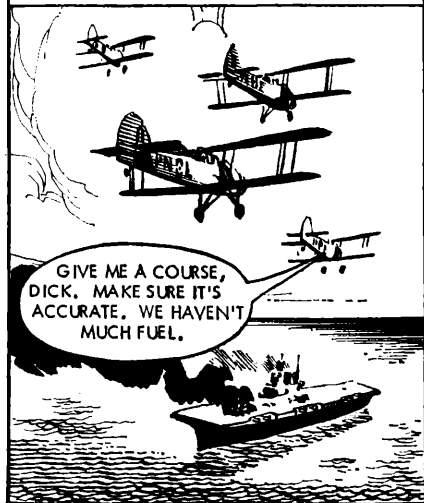
THE FLIGHT CONTROL OFFICER ON THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER CONFIRMED JIM'S GLOOMY CONCLUSIONS ONCE THE DAMAGE HAD BEEN ESTIMATED.

NO LANDINGS POSSIBLE, SQUADRON WILL MAKE FOR MALTA. REPEAT, SQUADRON WILL MAKE FOR MALTA, GOOD LUCK.



JIM ORDERED THE PLANES TO SET COURSE FOR MALTA.

GIVE ME A COURSE, DICK. MAKE SURE IT'S ACCURATE. WE HAVEN'T MUCH FUEL.

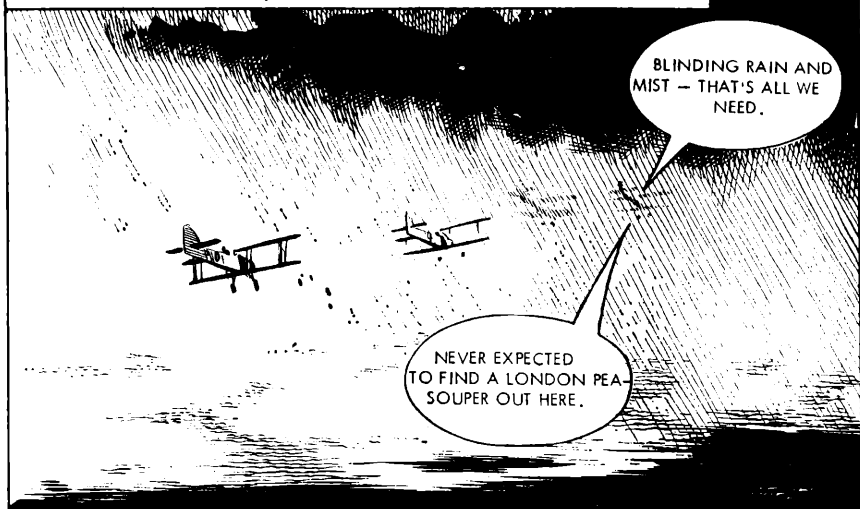


COMING UP, SKIPPER.

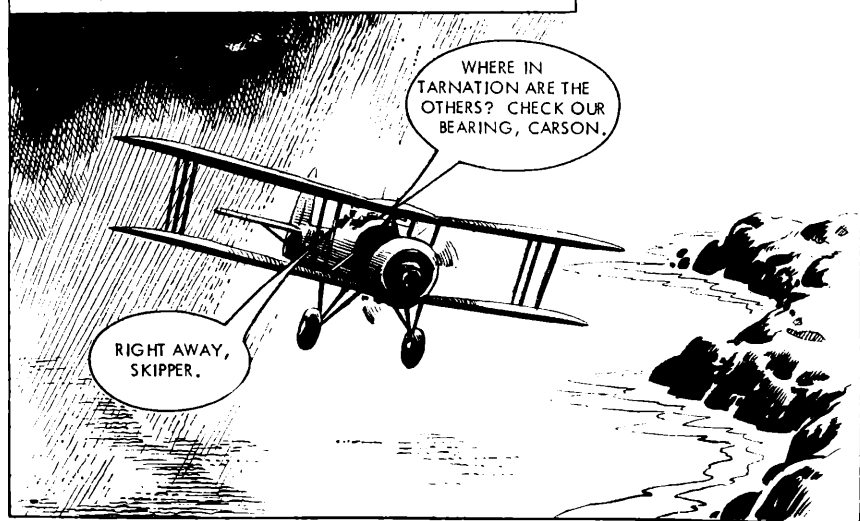
I HOPE I'M BETTER AT THIS THAN FLYING.



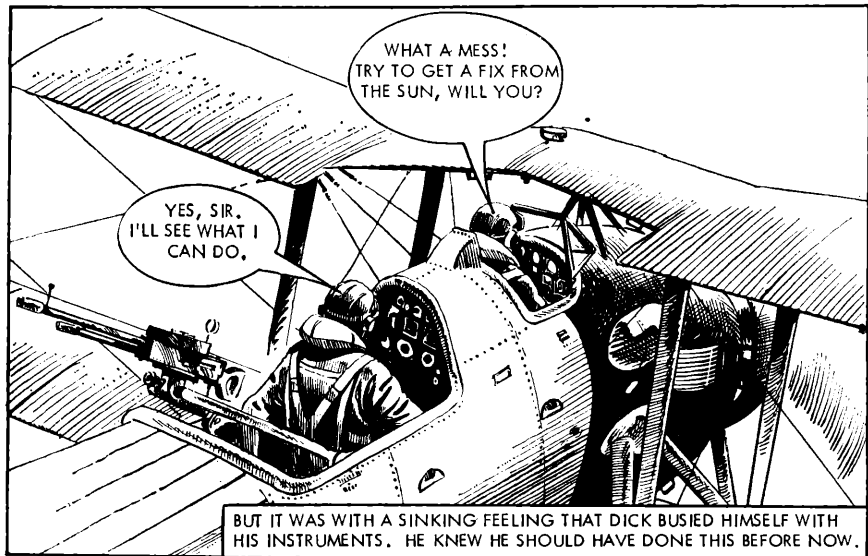
SOON AFTERWARDS A BLINDING RAIN SQUALL HIT THE SQUADRON, OBSCURING ONE PLANE FROM THE OTHER.



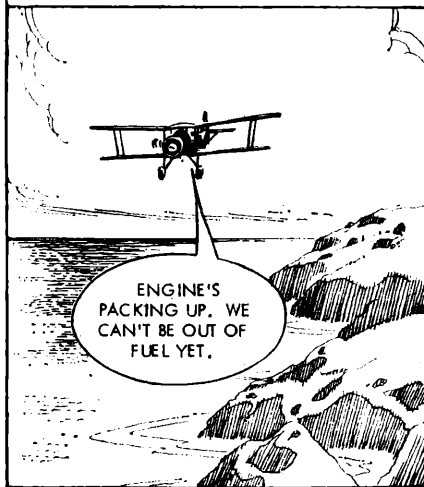
SUDDENLY THE SQUALL ABATED AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD STARTED.



DICK HAD HARDLY STARTED PORING OVER HIS MAPS WHEN JIM'S VOICE BURST EXPLOSIVELY IN HIS EAR.

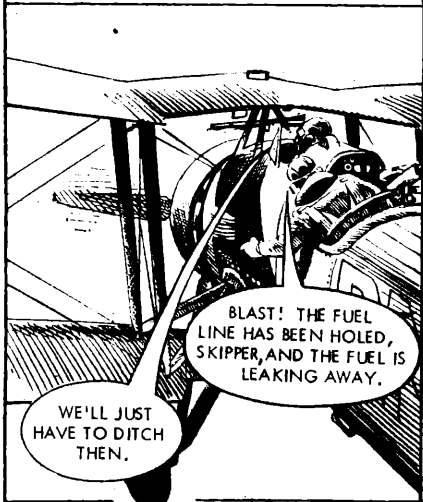


AS THEY TALKED, HOWEVER, THE ENGINE SUDDENLY BEGAN TO COUGH AND SPLUTTER.



ENGINE'S
PACKING UP. WE
CAN'T BE OUT OF
FUEL YET.

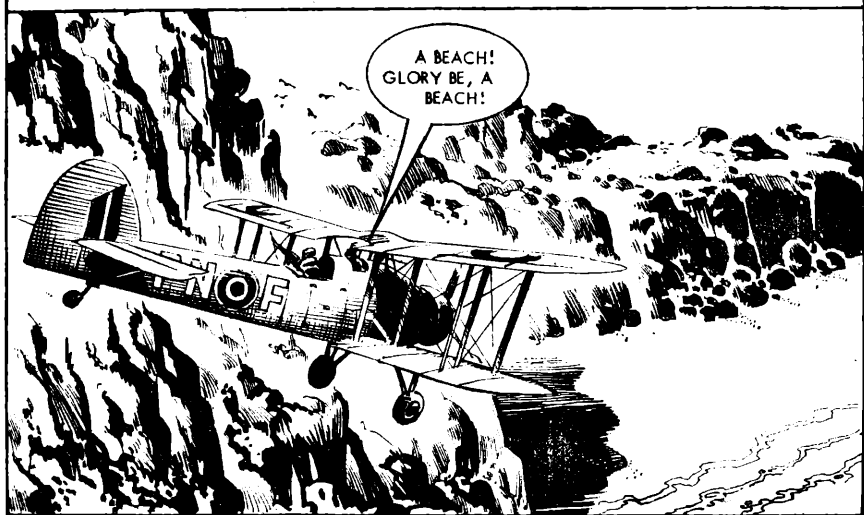
DICK LEANED OVER THE SIDE TO STUDY THE LAYOUT BELOW THEM, AND —



BLAST! THE FUEL
LINE HAS BEEN HOLED,
SKIPPER, AND THE FUEL IS
LEAKING AWAY.

WE'LL JUST
HAVE TO DITCH
THEN.

SUDDENLY, HOWEVER, THE LINE OF BLEAK CLIFFS BROKE INTO A FLAT EXpanse OF SAND.

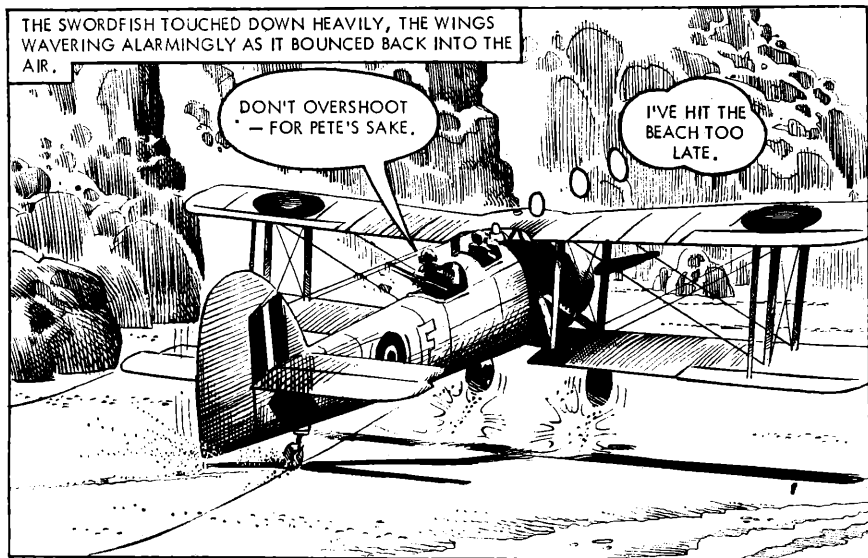


A BEACH!
GLORY BE, A
BEACH!

JIM EXPERTLY BROUGHT THE SWORDFISH IN FOR THE APPROACH RUN.



THE SWORDFISH TOUCHED DOWN HEAVILY, THE WINGS WAVERING ALARMINGLY AS IT BOUNCED BACK INTO THE AIR.



IT TOUCHED DOWN AGAIN AND JIM CLAMPED ON THE BRAKES SCANT FEET FROM THE HOSTILE, MENACING ROCKS.

DONE IT,
SKIPPER. NICE
WORK.

DIDN'T PUT HER DOWN
SOON ENOUGH. LANDING
LIKE THAT WOULD COST ME
MY PILOT'S TICKET BACK
HOME.

EXAMINING THE FUEL TANKS, JIM LOOKED AT THE SMASHED FEED-PIPE FROM THEM.

WE CAN THANK
WHATEVER LUCKY STARS
WE HAVE WE DIDN'T
CATCH FIRE.

WONDER IF ANYONE
SAW US LAND? LOOKS
PRETTY WILD COUNTRY.
AND WHERE THE DEVIL ARE
WE, ANYWAY?

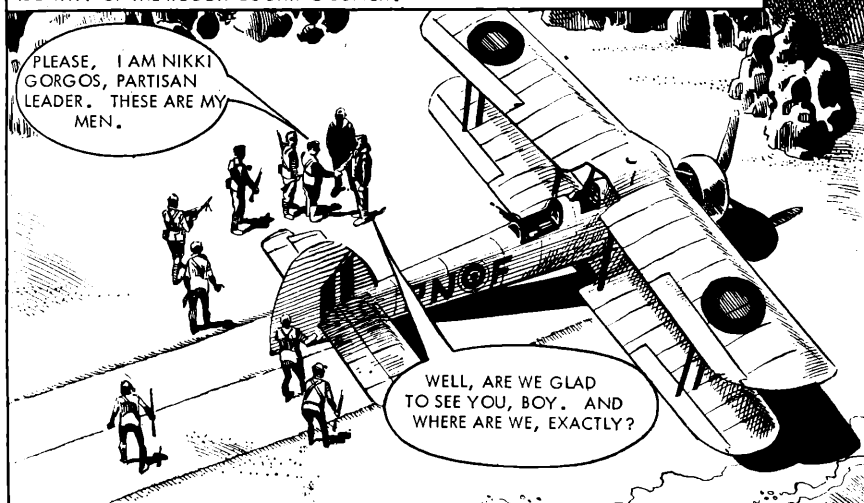
THE COUNTRY WAS INDEED WILD, BUT NOT QUITE SO WILD-LOOKING AS THE BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS WHO WATCHED THE NEW ARRIVALS.



JIM AND DICK SAW THEM AS THEY SUDDENLY RUSHED ACROSS THE BEACH, SHOUTING AND BRANDISHING THEIR WEAPONS.



THE TWO FLEET AIR ARM MEN BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF WHEN THEY DISCOVERED THE IDENTITY OF THE ROUGH-LOOKING BUNCH.



JIM WAS AMAZED AT THE REPLY.

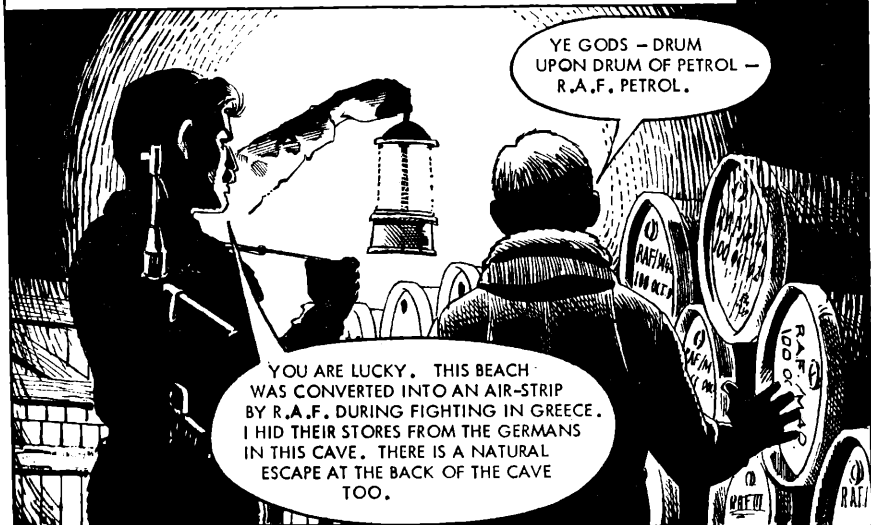


RECOVERING HIMSELF, JIM SHOWED NIKKI THE TROUBLE. TO HIS SURPRISE NIKKI GRINNED.

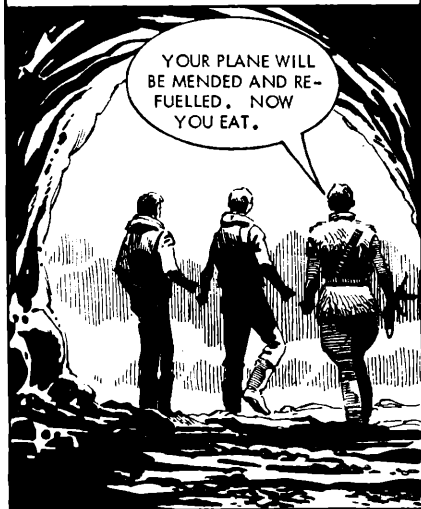




ONCE INSIDE THE LARGE, SPACIOUS CAVE, JIM LET OUT A WHISTLE OF AMAZEMENT.



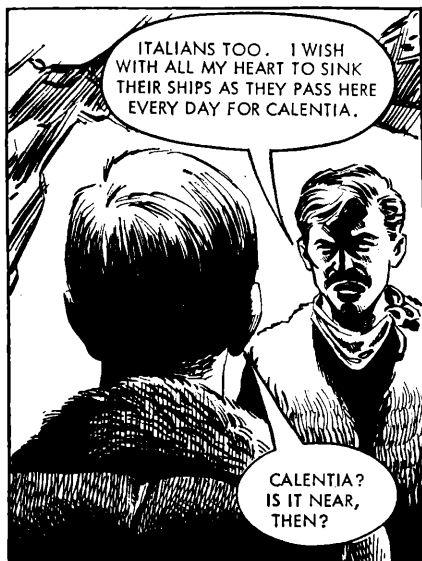
DARKNESS WAS FALLING AS THEY CAME OUT OF THE CAVE.



DICK AND JIM FOLLOWED THE GIANT GREEK TO ANOTHER CAVE.



THIS OTHER CAVE WAS USED BY THE GUERILLAS AS THEIR H.Q., NIKKI TOLD HIS TWO GUESTS ALL ABOUT HIMSELF.



FOR ANSWER NIKKI PRODUCED A GREEK ARMY MAP.



JIM'S CORNISH BLOOD BEGAN TO FIRE AT THE AUDACIOUSNESS OF HIS DAWNING IDEA.



EYES GLOWING, JIM EXPLAINED HIS PLAN.



NIKKI DIDN'T SHARE DICK'S DOUBTS.



BUT AS NIKKI LED THEM BACK TO THE BEACH, A GNARLED FIGURE WATCHED FROM THE CLIFFS ABOVE. IT WAS ANDREOS, THE GOAT HERD.



CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE SNOOPING OLD MAN, THE THREE COMRADES MADE THEIR WAY DOWN TO THE BEACH, WHERE STEPHANOS HAD WORKED HARD PATCHING THE LEAKING FUEL-PIPE.



JIM HAD A SHOCK IN STORE FOR DICK, HOWEVER.



ANDREOS HAD BEEN WATCHING ALL THIS. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON, BUT HE KNEW AN AEROPLANE WHEN HE SAW ONE.



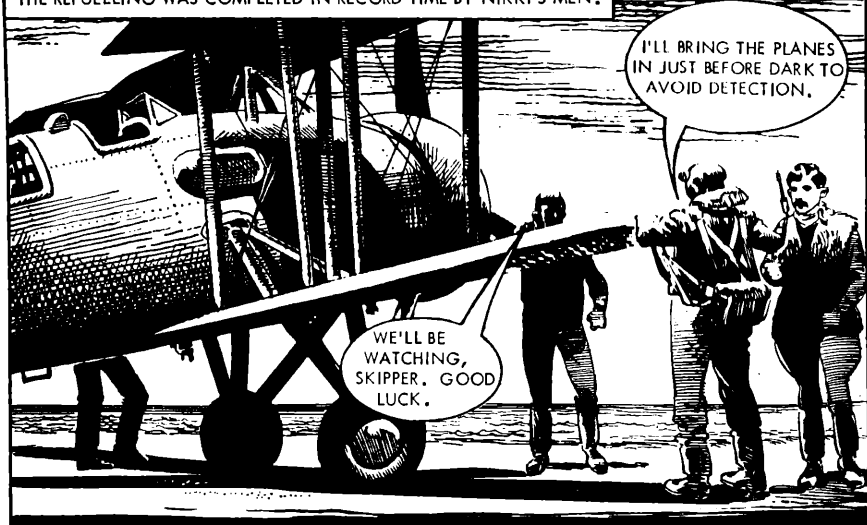
JUST AT THE MOMENT NIKKI, JIM AND DICK TURNED FROM THE SWORDFISH, ANDREOS CHOSE TO DASH FROM COVER —



WHEN HE SAW WHO IT WAS, NIKKI'S MANNER CHANGED TO PITIING CONTEMPT.



THE REFUELLING WAS COMPLETED IN RECORD TIME BY NIKKI'S MEN.



DESPITE THE SHADY MOONLIGHT, JIM TOOK OFF PERFECTLY FROM THE EXCELLENT HOME-MADE RUNWAY.



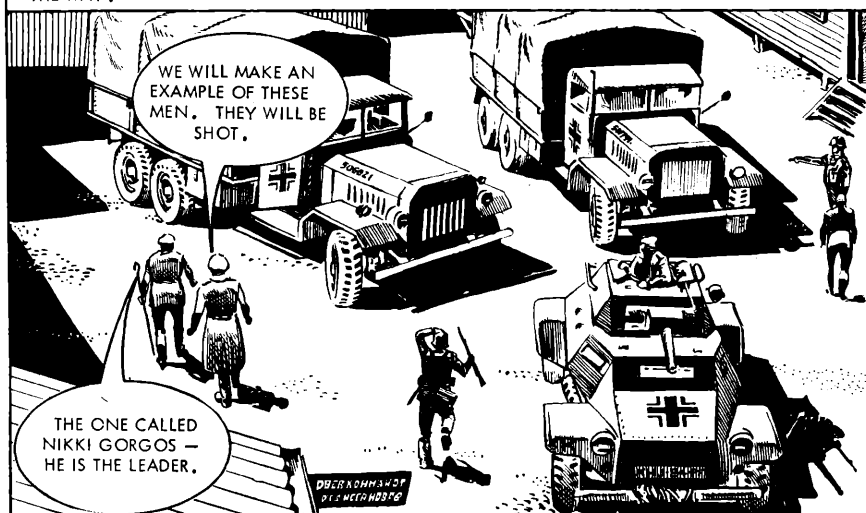
ANDREOS REACHED KATINA IN A FEW HOURS. HE BRAVED THE COLD CONTEMPT OF THE GERMAN GUARDS, DEMANDING TO SEE THE KOMMANDANT, MAJOR HEINRICH BAUER.



ANDREOS TOLD BAUER ALL HE HAD LEARNED ABOUT THE PETROL AND THE GUERRILLAS' ACTIVITIES.



MAJOR BAUER LOST NO TIME TURNING OUT HIS MEN. ANDREOS WENT WITH THEM TO SHOW THE WAY.



A SHORT, HAIR-RAISING DRIVE THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS BROUGHT THE NAZIS CLOSE TO THE GUERRILLAS' HIDEOUT.



NIKKI WAS INSIDE THE CAVE ORGANISING THE REMOVAL OF THE PETROL TO THE BEACH WHEN THE TRAP WAS SPRUNG.



DICK HAD BEEN ALONE ON THE BEACH INSPECTING THE RUNWAY, AND THE FIRST HE KNEW OF THE AMBUSH WAS STEPHANOS PULLING HIM INTO THE COVER OF THE ROCKS BY THE CAVE, WHERE THE OTHER PARTISANS WHO HAD AVOIDED CAPTURE WERE HIDING.



AS THE PARTISANS WERE MARCHED AWAY, DICK'S QUESTION WAS ANSWERED BY THE APPEARANCE OF ANDREOS.



QUIETLY, UNDER STEPHANOS' EXPERT LEADERSHIP THEY FOLLOWED THE GERMANS AND PRISONERS.



STEPHANOS BECKONED THEM TO FOLLOW AS HE BEGAN A SPINE-CHILLING DASH ACROSS MOUNTAIN PRECIPICES.



STEPHANOS REACHED THE POSITION HE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR, AND PREPARED HIS AMBUSH QUICKLY.

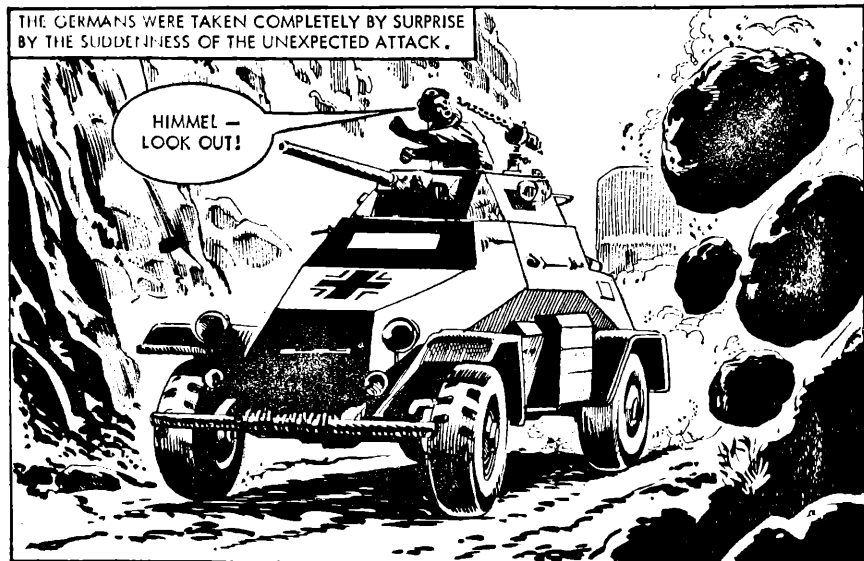
THEY ARE COMING. WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL.

WE'LL HAVE A JOB WITH THAT ARMoured-CAR, THOUGH.



THE GERMANS WERE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE BY THE SUDDENNESS OF THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

HIMMEL —
LOOK OUT!



THE BOULDERS EFFECTIVELY HALTED THE CONVOY. THE BATTLE BEGAN WITH STEPHANOS HURLING A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL AT THE ARMoured CAR.



A HUGE SHEET OF FLAME ENVELOPED THE ARMoured CAR AS THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL BURST ACCURATELY INSIDE IT.



NIKKI LOST NO TIME IN TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DIVERSION.



LIED BY SILPHIANOS, THE PARTISANS FELL UPON THE DOOMED GERMANS. DICK WAS WELL TO THE FRONT OF THE RAMPAGING GREEKS.



THE BATTLE WAS BLOODY, BUT SHORT. SOON NIKKI WAS CLAPPING STEPHANOS HEARTILY ON THE BACK.

STEPHANOS, MY OLD FRIEND — I KNEW YOU WOULD COME.

YES, BUT NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF IT WASN'T FOR THE TREACHERY OF ANDREOS THE GOAT HERD.



BUT BEFORE THEY COULD GET ANY FURTHER, A SCUFFLING ON THE ROAD MADE NIKKI LOOK UP.

ANDREOS — THERE HE GOES!



ANDREOS MADE A MAD DASH FOR THE COVER OF BUSHES ABOVE HIM. BUT HE NEVER REACHED THEM.



WITH THE TRAITOR DEALT WITH IN THIS WAY, IT WAS NOW TIME FOR THE PARTISANS TO FADE FROM THE SCENE.



BUT NIKKI WAS WRONG. MAJOR BAUER HAD ONLY BEEN CREASED BY THE BULLET WHICH DROPPED HIM.



BAUER LEAPT FORWARD TOWARDS THE REMAINING GERMAN TRUCK.



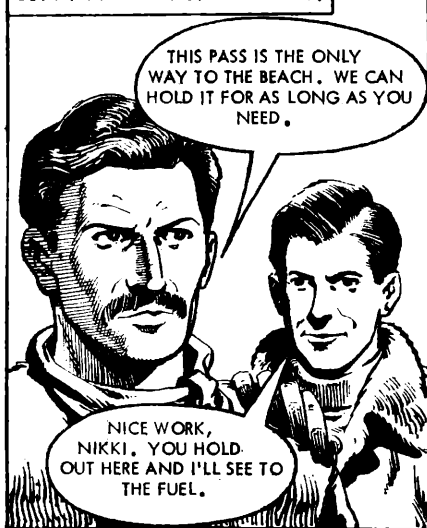
BAUER WAS IN THE TRUCK AND MOVING BEFORE NIKKI REALISED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



THE GERMAN'S LUCK HELD, AND HE DISAPPEARED IN A FLURRY OF ANGRY BULLETS.



BUT NIKKI WASN'T GIVING IN YET.



SO, AS DICK LEFT WITH A FEW PARTISANS, THE OTHERS STAYED WITH NIKKI TO GUARD THE PASS.



MEANWHILE DICK, SWEATING FREELY, SUPERVISED THE MOVING OF THE FUEL-DRUMS,



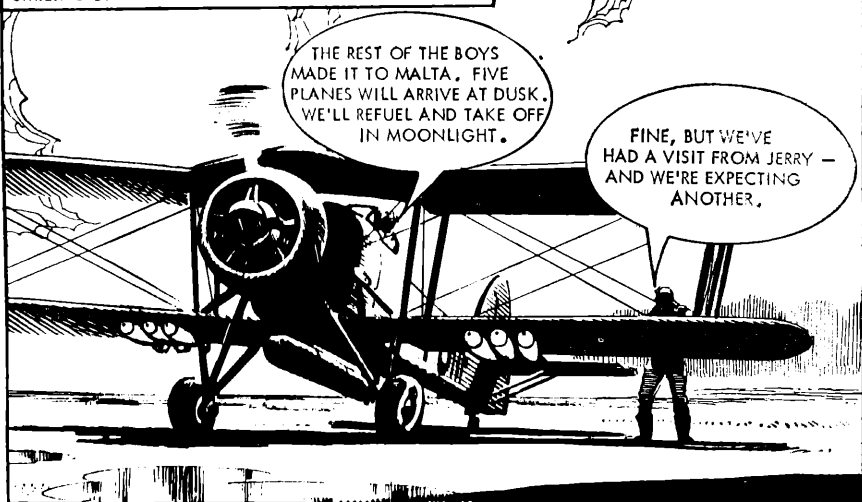
SUDDENLY, IN THE AFTERNOON, AN ENGINE WAS HEARD. THE PARTISANS SCATTERED FOR COVER, BUT DICK COULD NOT MISTAKE THE ENGINE BEAT.



THE SWORDFISH MADE A PERFECT LANDING. IT WAS A SMILING JIM WHO SAW DICK COME TO WELCOME HIM.

THE REST OF THE BOYS MADE IT TO MALTA. FIVE PLANES WILL ARRIVE AT DUSK. WE'LL REFUEL AND TAKE OFF IN MOONLIGHT.

FINE, BUT WE'VE HAD A VISIT FROM JERRY — AND WE'RE EXPECTING ANOTHER.



MEANWHILE, NIKKI HAD SPOTTED TROUBLE ON THE HORIZON.

THEY ARE COMING, STEPHANOS. PASS THE WORD BACK TO THE BEACH.

AT ONCE, THE GERMAN PIGS SEEM TO BE IN FULL STRENGTH, TOO.



A RUNNER INFORMED DICK AND JIM.
THEY IMMEDIATELY MADE FOR THE PASS.

IT'LL BE BAD IF
THEY CATCH THE WHOLE
SQUADRON ON THE
GROUND.

BETTER TALK TO
NIKKI. HE THINKS HE
CAN HOLD 'EM.

THEY SOON REACHED NIKKI.

THE GERMANS
COME AGAIN — MANY
OF THEM.

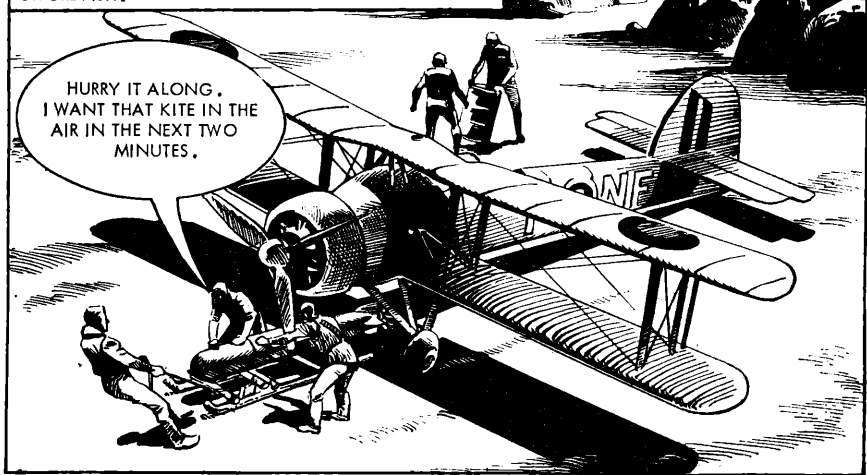
JIM PEERED THROUGH NIKKI'S BINOCULARS, GOGGLING AT THE SIGHT WHICH MET HIS EYES.

ARMoured CARS,
ANTI-TANK GUNS, THE
LOT. WE'RE REALLY IN
FOR A POUNDING.

BUT JIM HADN'T COME THIS FAR TO LET THE GERMANS BEAT HIM NOW.

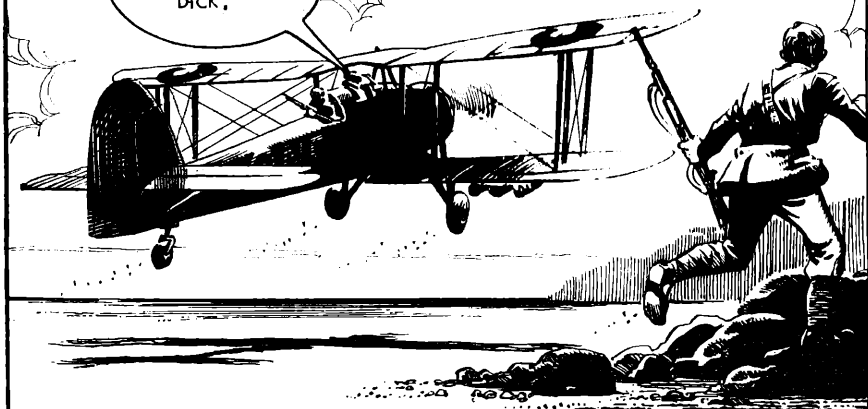


JIM INTENDED TO FIGHT — BUT IN HIS OWN WAY. HE RACED BACK TO THE BEACH AND BEGAN TO ORGANISE THE REMOVAL OF THE TORPEDO FROM UNDERNEATH THE SWORDFISH.



IN RECORD TIME THE PLANE WAS READY AND JOCKEYED AIRBORNE BY JIM.

JUST PRAY THAT
WE'RE NOT TOO LATE,
DICK.



MEANWHILE, NIKKI HAD NOT BEEN WAITING INNOCENTLY FOR THE
GERMANS AT THE PASS. HE HAD LAID ON A SURPRISE FOR THEM.

JUST A LITTLE
NEARER — I WILL GIVE
THE WORD.

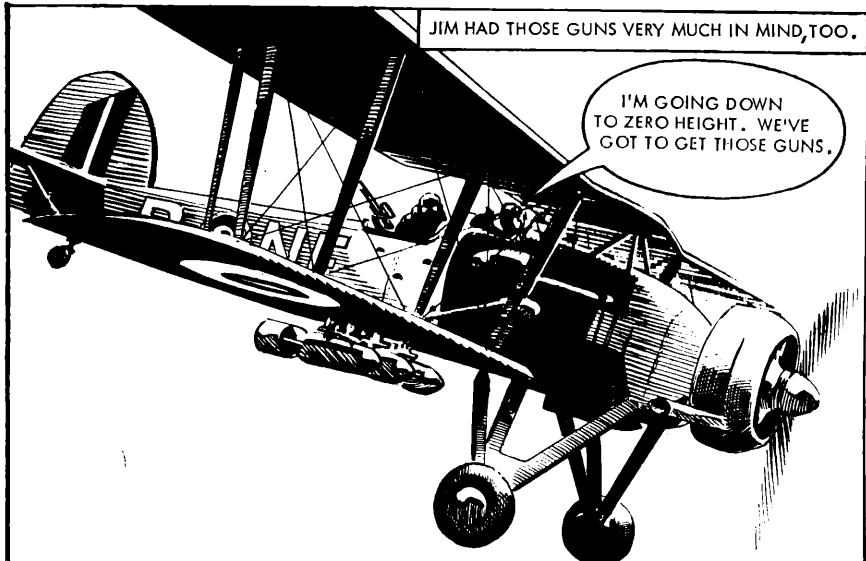


AT NIKKI'S SHOUTED COMMAND, STEPHANOS DEPRESSED THE PLUNGER. THE WHOLE ROAD AROUND THE TWO LEADING ARMOURD CARS SEEMED TO ERUPT IN FLAMES AND SMOKE.



THE GERMANS, FURIOUS AT THIS LATEST OUTRAGE, UNLOADED THE TWO ATELI-TAEP GUNS AND OPENED HEAVY FIRE ON THE GUERRILLAS' POSITION.





JIM PILOTED THE PLANE TOWARDS THE OUTCROP OF ROCK HE HAD NOTICED ABOVE THE MAIN GERMAN FORCE.



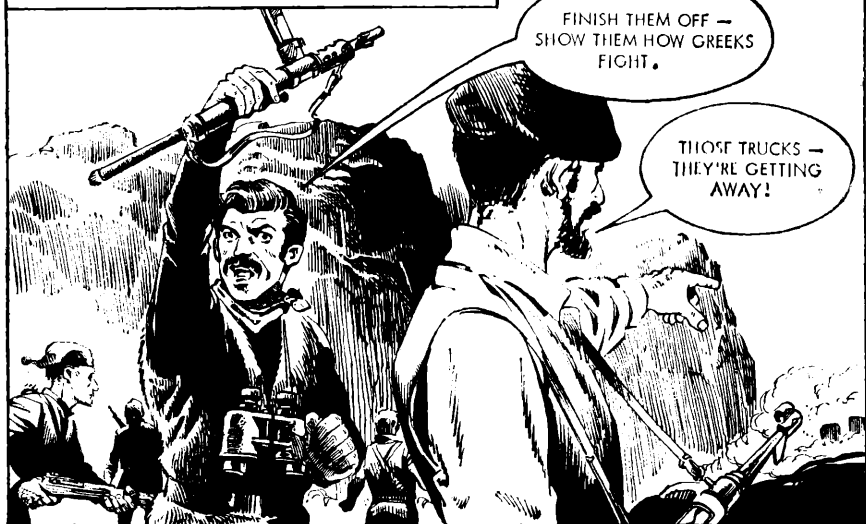
THE TWO BOMBS STRUCK BELOW THE OUTCROP, THE EXPLOSIONS DISLORGING A GREAT WALL OF ROCK.



NIKKI WATCHED THE ACTION IN GRIM SATISFACTION.

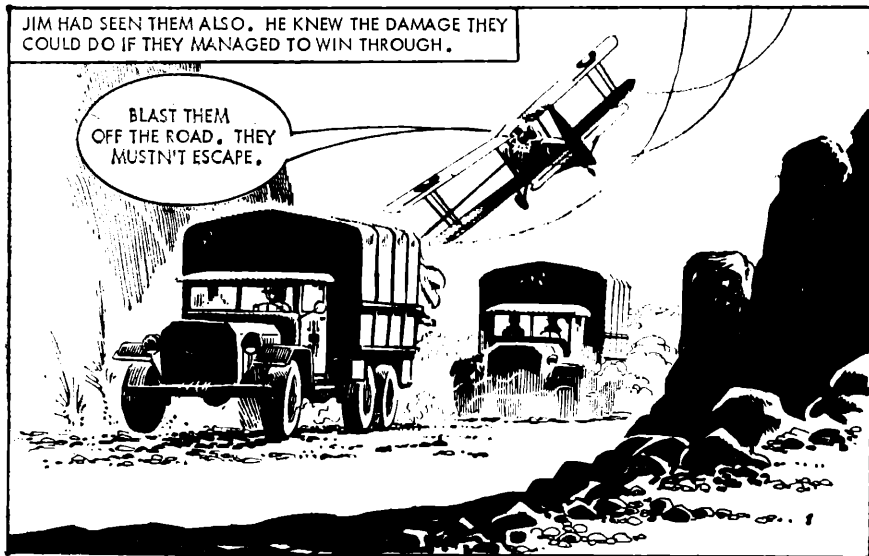
FINISH THEM OFF —
SHOW THEM HOW GREEKS
FIGHT.

THOSE TRUCKS —
THEY'RE GETTING
AWAY!

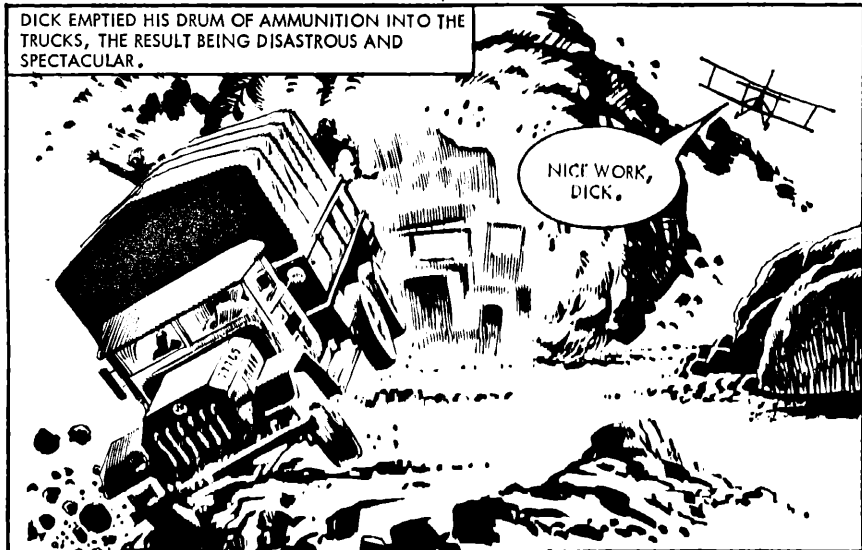


JIM HAD SEEN THEM ALSO. HE KNEW THE DAMAGE THEY
COULD DO IF THEY MANAGED TO WIN THROUGH.

BLAST THEM
OFF THE ROAD. THEY
MUSTN'T ESCAPE.



DICK EMPTIED HIS DRUM OF AMMUNITION INTO THE TRUCKS, THE RESULT BEING DISASTROUS AND SPECTACULAR.



THE BATTLE WAS NOW OVER. NIKKI WAS AT THE BEACH TO CONGRATULATE JIM AS SOON AS HE LANDED.



BUT THEN NIKKI'S FACE CLOUDED OVER.



AS DARKNESS BEGAN TO FALL THE FIVE SWORDFISH BEGAN TO FLY IN AND LAND.

WELL, HERE THEY ARE, NIKKI. EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS.

I SPARE YOU ALL THE MEN I DARE, TO HELP WITH THE REFUELLING.

THEN FOLLOWED A GRIM RACE AGAINST TIME. DRUMS WERE ROLLED OUT, PETROL POURED INTO THE GREEDY SWORDFISH TANKS.

C'MON, SPEED IT UP THERE. WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT.

NOW THIS IS THE WAY WE'LL GO IN...

MEANWHILE, HOWEVER, THE GERMANS HAD RETURNED AND WERE STORMING THE PARTISANS' POSITION WITH SUICIDAL ANGER.

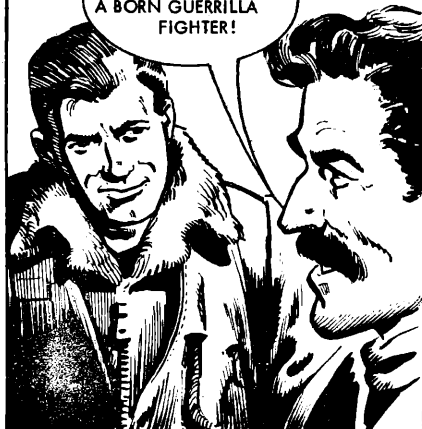


AS THE GUNFIRE ECHOED NEARER AND NEARER, THE MEN ON THE BEACH SLAVED TO GET THE FIRST OF THE PLANES AIRBORNE. NIKKI CAME WITH BAD NEWS.



DICK EXPLAINED HIS PLAN TO NIKKI WHO GRINNED HUGELY.

STAY WITH US
MY FRIEND. YOU ARE
A BORN GUERRILLA
FIGHTER!



WHILST NIKKI WENT TO DIRECT OPERATIONS
ON THE CLIFF, DICK DASHED TO THE FUEL
CAVE.

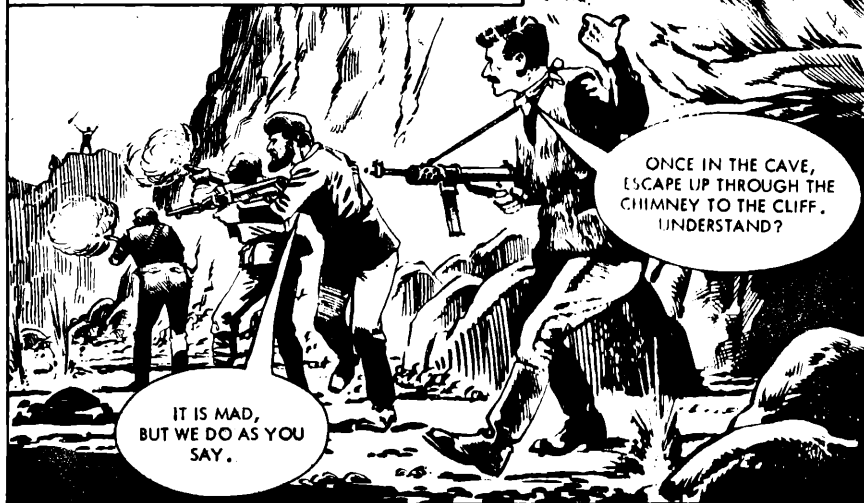
ROUGH AND READY —
BUT THIS FUSE WILL DO THE
TRICK.



AS NIKKI RETREATED, HE LED THE GERMANS TOWARDS THE
FUEL CAVE AS HE HAD AGREED WITH DICK.

ONCE IN THE CAVE,
ESCAPE UP THROUGH THE
CHIMNEY TO THE CLIFF.
UNDERSTAND?

IT IS MAD,
BUT WE DO AS YOU
SAY.



AS SOON AS THEY WERE IN THE CAVE, DICK LIT THE FUSE HE HAD ATTACHED TO THE PETROL DRUM WHILST NIKKI COVERED HIM.



THEY ESCAPED THROUGH THE CHIMNEY TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF. IT HAD BEEN PREPARED FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY, BUT STILL NIKKI STUCK —



AS DICK TURNED, THE GERMAN'S GUN SPAT, AND A NUMBING PAIN GRIPPED HIS LEFT SHOULDER. HE REELED BACK.



GLOATING, THE GERMAN MOVED FORWARD TO FINISH NIKKI WITH A BAYONET THRUST...



DICK REVIVED JUST AS THE BAYONET WAS RAISED. HE MOVED WITH LIGHTNING SPEED.



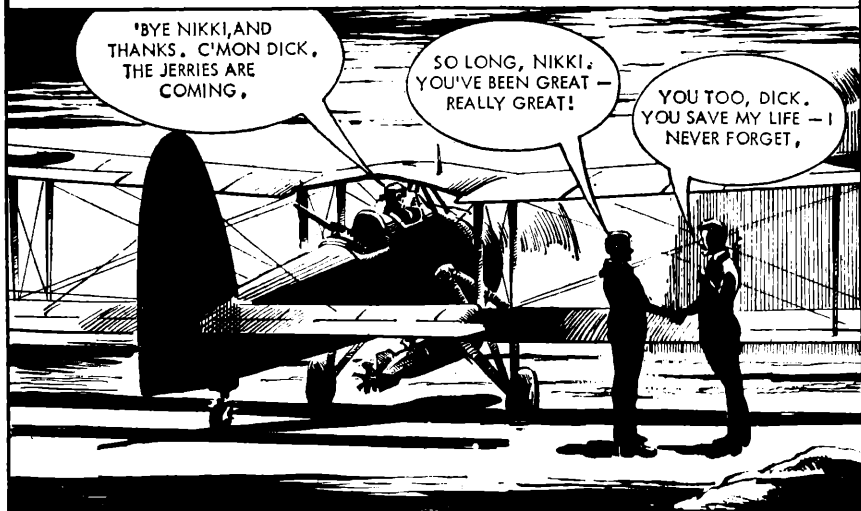
DESPITE HIS WOUNDED ARM, DICK STRUGGLED DESPERATELY TO PULL NIKKI CLEAR BEFORE THE FUSE HE HAD SET EXPLODED.



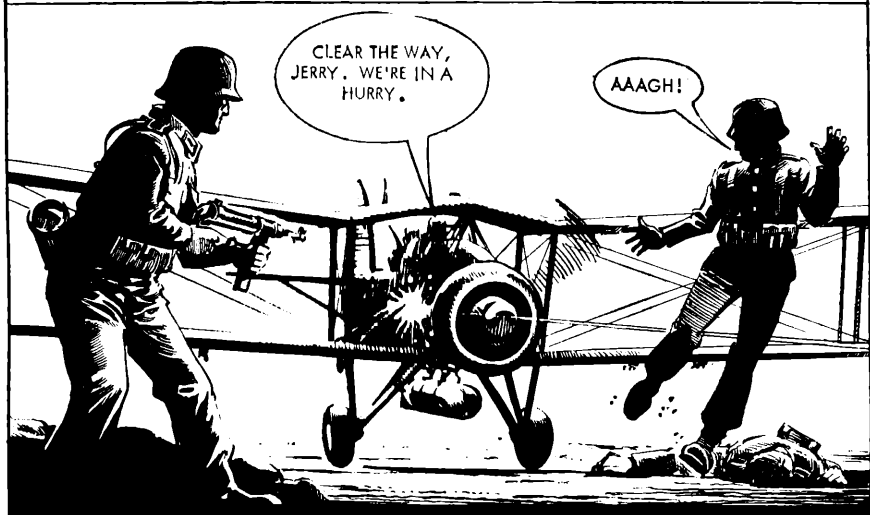
THE GERMANS HAD FALLEN HOOK, LINE AND SINKER FOR THE TRAP. THEY HAD RUSHED INTO THE DESERTED CAVE, ONLY TO BE HURLED OUT BY A CONCUSSIVE WAVE OF FLAMING PETROL.



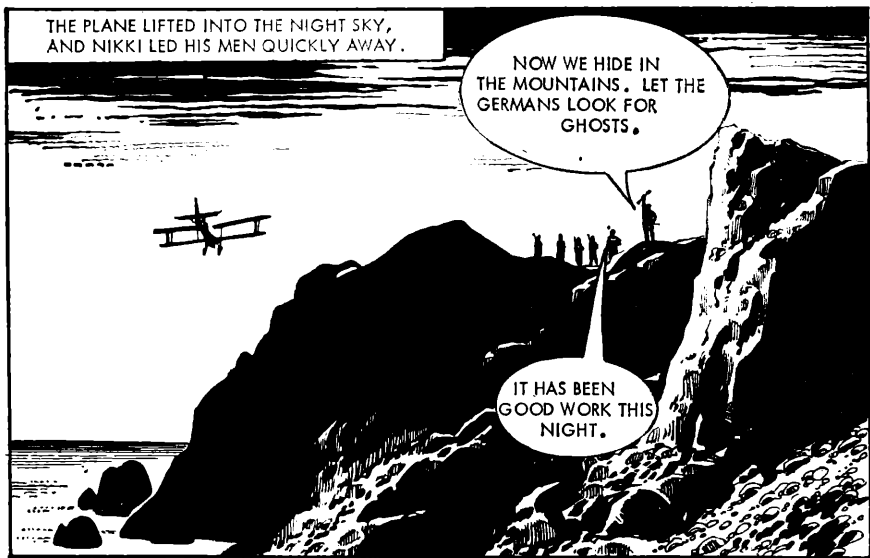
THEY DASHED BACK TO THE BEACH TO FIND JIM REVVING UP THE SWORDFISH. IT WAS THE ONLY ONE STILL ON THE GROUND.



AS THE SWORDFISH SURGED FORWARD, GERMANS BROKE ACROSS THE BEACH FIRING AT THEM.



THE PLANE LIFTED INTO THE NIGHT SKY, AND NIKKI LED HIS MEN QUICKLY AWAY.



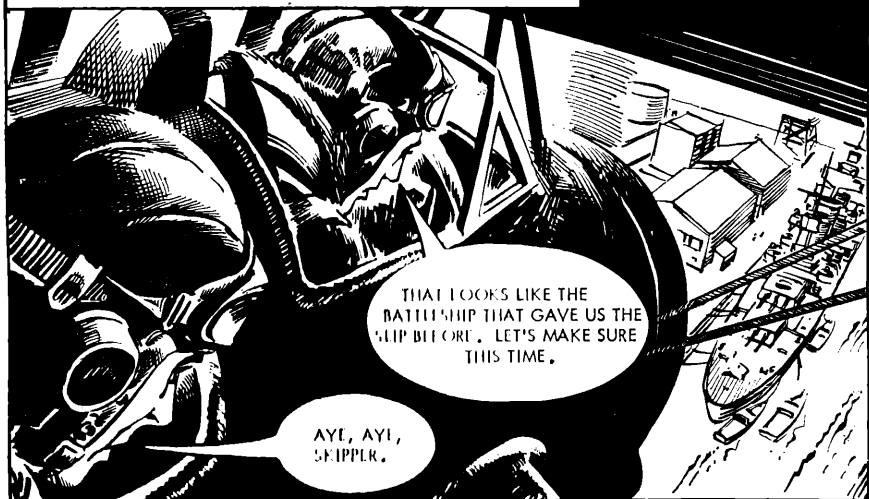
JIM RACED AFTER THE OTHER SWORDFISH, UNAWARE THAT DICK WAS PATCHING HIS WOUND WITH A FIELD-DRESSING AND TRYING TO KEEP THE CLOUDS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS AT BAY.



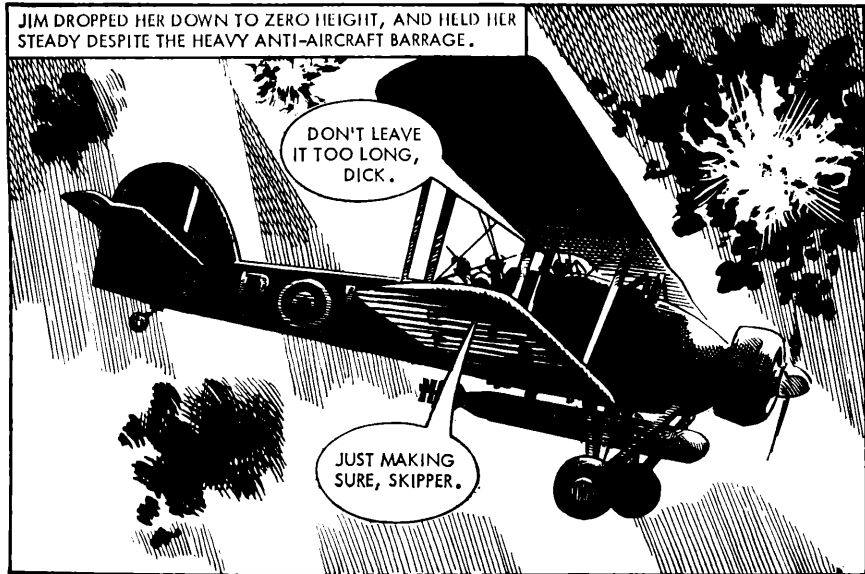
AS THEY APPROACHED CALENTIA THE BARRAGE OPENED UP. JIM STARTED HIS RUN-IN AT THE HEAD OF THE SWORDFISH FORMATION.



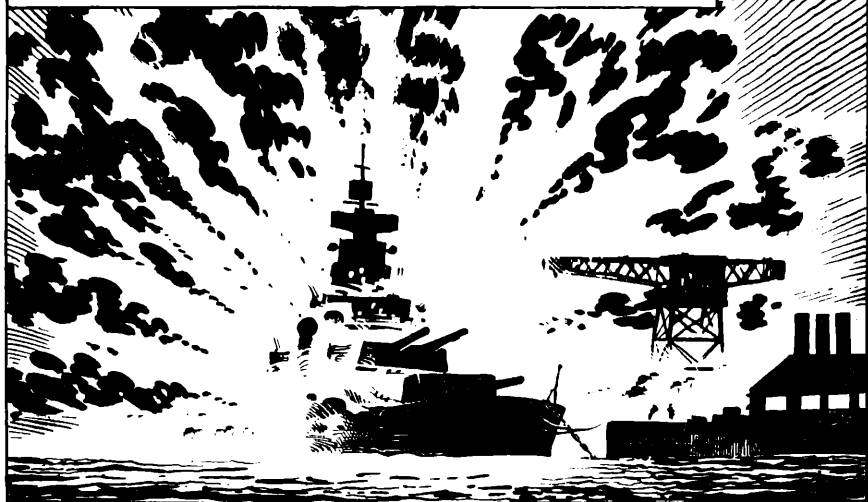
IT DIDN'T TAKE THE KEEN-EYED JIM LONG TO PICK HIS TARGET.



JIM DROPPED HER DOWN TO ZERO HEIGHT, AND HELD HER STEADY DESPITE THE HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT BARRAGE.



THERE WAS NO DOUBT ABOUT DICK'S AIM, BUT EVEN HE WASN'T EXPECTING THE EXPLOSION WHICH FOLLOWED AS THE MAGAZINE WENT UP.

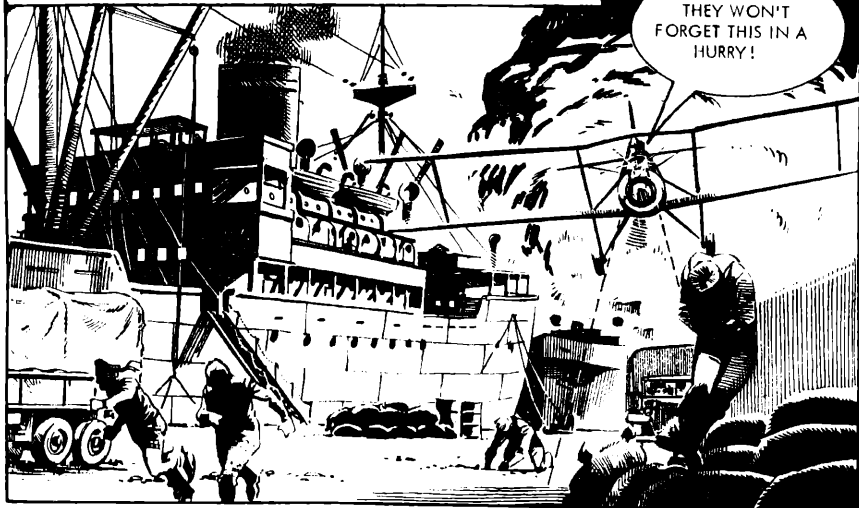


THE SURPRISE WAS AS COMPLETE AS THE DEVASTATION. TORPEDO AFTER TORPEDO THUMPED HOME WITH SHATTERING RESULTS.

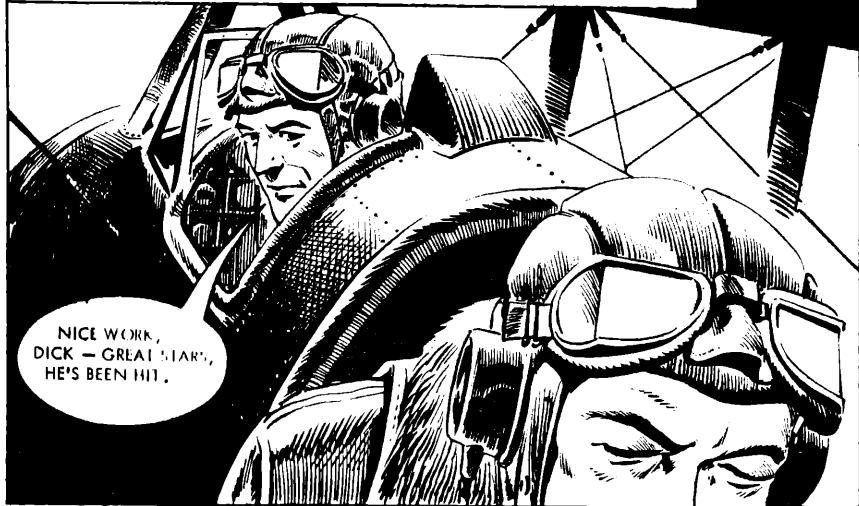


AS THE OTHER SWORDFISH BOMBED THE SHIPS, JIM, HAVING
ALREADY DROPPED HIS ON THE GERMANS, SHOT UP THE QUAYSIDE.

THEY WON'T
FORGET THIS IN A
HURRY!



EVENTUALLY THEY TURNED FOR MALTA, LEAVING CARNAGE AND DESTRUCTION
BEHIND. DICK, HOWEVER, HAD LOST INTEREST IN THE PROCEEDINGS.



NICE WORK,
DICK — GREAT SHOTS,
HE'S BEEN HIT.

DICK'S NEXT RECOLLECTION WAS OF WAKING UP IN A CLEAN HOSPITAL BED — IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.



A SHORT WHILE LATER DICK HAD A VISITOR.



JIM HAD FAR TOO IMPORTANT NEWS TO LET DICK'S MODESTY BOTHER HIM.



DICK'S LUCK WAS DIFFERENT ON HIS PILOT'S COURSE THIS TIME. AND IT WAS WITH REAL SURPRISE THAT HE LEARNED THE IDENTITY OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICER ON HIS FIRST POSTING AS A PILOT.

I'VE BEEN PULLING THOSE STRINGS AGAIN, DICK BOY. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE IT IN MY NEW OUTFIT.

THANKS, SKIPPER. A PLANE OF MY OWN! RIGHT, LET'S GET ON WITH THE WAR.

COMING UP
THE END

**BEYOND THE WIRE
LAY FREEDOM...**



COMMANDO IN A CAGE

BUT only freedom to run, to be hunted and shot on sight — the freedom of a dangerous wild beast. Yet Corporal Jim Brett had to escape. In this P.O.W. camp he'd learnt the name and the face of a traitor, who was out there somewhere among Jim's mates planning death and destruction for them in their hundreds.

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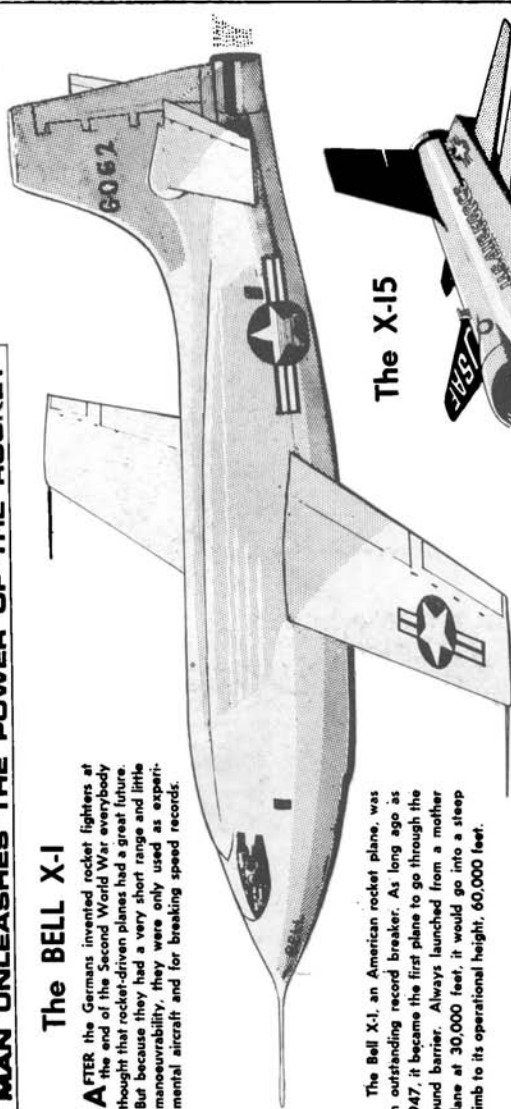
BLAST OFF

MAN UNLEASHES THE POWER OF THE ROCKET

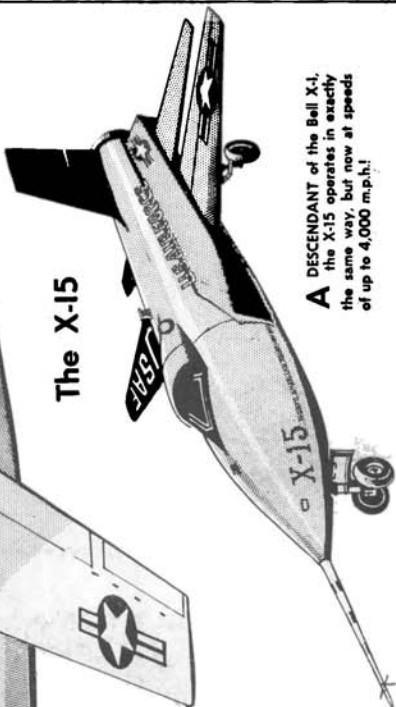
MORE
ABOUT ROCKETS
IN YOUR NEXT
COMMANDO

The BELL X-1

AFTER the Germans invented rocket fighters at the end of the Second World War everybody thought that rocket-driven planes had a great future. But because they had a very short range and little manoeuvrability, they were only used as experimental aircraft and for breaking speed records.



The X-15



A DESCENDANT of the Bell X-1, the X-15 operates in exactly the same way, but now at speeds of up to 4,000 m.p.h.

The Bell X-1, an American rocket plane, was an outstanding record breaker. As long ago as 1947, it became the first plane to go through the sound barrier. Always launched from a mother plane at 30,000 feet, it would go into a steep climb to its operational height, 60,000 feet.

The highest speed it ever reached was Mach 1.4—about 1,000 m.p.h. The Bell X-1's rocket motor always burned out before it landed, and it came gliding down to a "dead-stick" landing, helped by two jet fighters which flew on either side and "talked" it down.

From the Bell X-1, a great history-making plane, came lots of valuable data used in high-speed air research to this day.



LEUTENANT-COMMANDER JIM TREGARRON, pilot in the Fleet Air Arm, had the blood of the old Cornish pirates in his veins—or so his men said. Otherwise, he'd never have tried to organise his Swordfish squadron to operate from a little beach in Greece! They were supposed to fly from their aircraft carrier.

But Jim found a bunch of tough Resistance helpers, a cave-full of old R.A.F. fuel and ammo, and a beach just long enough for take-off.

The Italian navy was in handy range, so zooming into action went the "Sailor With Wings".

SAILOR^{WITH}WINGS

